



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

"health, happiness, success in all legitimate enterprises." And for a time it keeps these promises, just as Dutch courage lasts a certain time, and enables one to face bodily dangers. But the psychic world is also an intoxicant, a stimulant, and like all stimulants, radically unwholesome.

And mankind is at heart wholesome and sane, not to be satisfied with stimulants, not to be fed with half-truths. He will throw away this husk, and demand the true bread of life. Demanding, he will be confronted with the immemorial condition: "The self in thee needs to be annihilated!" And if he fulfils the condition, then he may enter, and with joy realize what a burden selfishness has been, blinding him to the world of his immortality.

I do not, therefore, apprehend terrible things from this new psychic evangel. It is but the effervescence of a genuine power, the flush of false dawn, to be followed by real light.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

---

"THE FAR HORIZON."\*

It is more than a little puzzling that a writer of Lucas Malet's experience and skill should have produced a novel bearing so many dreary resemblances to a "first book." It is as if Mrs. Harrison had absent-mindedly believed herself to be under the necessity of writing without realizing that she had nothing to write about; and had therefore languidly gathered up a handful of stock characters, loosely related them, and depended upon the expression of an acute religious bias to give life to the result. Her Spanish-Irish hero is like the ignorantly sentimental conception of a young girl; and it is astonishing that the author of "Sir Richard Calmady," which is vigorously imagined, whatever its faults of taste, should have chosen for the ostensible theme of her book so banal an idea as that expressed in the title. Dominic Iglesias is very far from unique in his contemplation of a "far horizon"; that is understood to be the novel-hero's exalted function.

Mrs. Harrison has followed the traditional method of elaborately accounting for her hero before presenting him, and her highly colored explanation makes the part that she later gives Iglesias to play seem peculiarly uninspiring. It might also be

\* "The Far Horizon." By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

offered as a hint to habitual novel-readers that it is, after all, heroes of colorless, close-to-the-soil origin who afford the liveliest satisfaction in the end. Iglesias's father, a Spaniard of "far from ignoble nature," was nevertheless an anarchist, and therefore, by the very nature of his exacting profession, only intermittently domestic. The anarchist's wife, even though she was considerably spared an active share in the movement of demolition, nevertheless so suffered from contact with it that she became permanently insane. It is inartistically plain that Mrs. Harrison considers anarchy as reprehensible as Protestantism, nor is she able to restrain herself from springing out before the decent curtain of authorship to denounce both. How much better use might have been made, even of the slender material that her pages contain, one need only recall "*The Princess Casamassima*" to realize. There is something snugly schoolboyish in the explicit statement that the elder Iglesias was "a victim of that false passion of humanity which takes its rise, not in honest desire for the welfare of mankind, but in blind rebellion against all forms of authority. His self-confidence was colossal; all rule being abominable to him—save his own—all rulers hideous, save himself. The anarchist, rightly understood, is merely the autocrat, the tyrant, turned inside out."

From his sensational ancestry Dominic Iglesias appears to have inherited nothing of importance except that dark, melancholy beauty that has almost disappeared from fiction and that we re-encounter with cheerful hopes that remain unfulfilled. The excitements of his early life seem rather to have stunned than stimulated him, so that he was able, without revolt, to remain a bank clerk for thirty-five years; an employment whence he emerges, with a pension and great personal dignity, in the first chapter. Becoming suddenly at leisure, at this sober period of life, Iglesias immediately meets, or is assailed by, the insufferably trashy heroine, whose name suggests an unfortunate contrast with Miss Sinclair's admirably described Poppy Grace in "*The Divine Fire*." The objection to the present Poppy is not at all that she is a vulgar person, but that she is conceived in something not far removed from a vulgar spirit. One does not receive the impression that the novelist has mysteriously "gotten inside" a showy, slangy actress; rather, that the whole picture is a rash conjecture, not a divination, and that it is, on the whole, a tiresome

one. Like the heroine of "Sir Richard Calmady," Poppy relies largely for her effect upon her clothes, described with exotic adjectives and great sophistication of detail. The paragraph devoted to her first appearance gives the note of the artificiality and empty pretentiousness of much of the book:

"About her shoulders she wore a long blue-purple silk scarf, embroidered with dragons of peacock, and scarlet, and gold. These rather violent colors found repetition in the nasturtium leaves and flowers that crowned her lace hat, the wide brim of which was tied down with narrow strings of purple velvet, gypsy fashion, beneath her chin. Under her arm she carried another tiny spaniel, the creature's black morsel of a head peeping out quaintly from among the forms of the embroidered dragons, which last appeared to writhe, as in the heat of deadly conflict, as their wearer moved. Her face was in shadow owing to the breadth of the brim of her hat. Otherwise the sunshine embraced her whole figure, conferring on it a glittering yet singularly insubstantial effect, as though a column of pale wind-swept dust were overlaid, here and there, with splendor of rich enamel!"

At the close of her preposterous interview with Dominic, "Poppy St. John walked slowly along the footpath, her figure dyed by the effulgence of the skies to the crimson and gold of her name,"—a sentence which the most admirable of its author's previous achievements can scarcely extenuate.

The relation that developed between these two, although it is apparently the book's only excuse for being, makes a narrative that is no more significant than it is enthralling. The unworldly Dominic's dignified stupor, which, although not unnatural when one considers the circumstances of his life, is not a magnetic quality in a hero, makes it possible for him to find Poppy St. John a delightful friend without suspecting the more irregular details of her life, or without becoming entirely aware of his own attraction for her, a fact which she violently and stagily conceals from him. He remains calm through her flattering confidence that "It's you, just simply you, that sends me back to an honest life and my profession," and disregarding the personal note that she has struck, he has the courage to address to her, a few minutes later, such a fatiguing bit of verbosity as this: "Opportunity may have been narrow, and one may have been balked of high endeavor and rich experience, by lack of talent and adverse circumstance; but in the supreme, the crowning experience, that of death and all which, for joy or sorrow, lies beyond it, even the

most obscure, the most uncultured and untravelled must participate." By adhering to her intention to "play fair," Poppy proves an entirely safe acquaintance; and it is she who comes to weep when Iglesias lies "beautiful in death as in life, serene, proud, austere, but young now with the eternal youth of those who have believed, and attained, and reached the Land of the Far Horizon."

For this melancholy story lavish "comic relief" is provided, but in over-familiar form. A novelist must be in an inert and uninventive mood to offer once again the eternal widowed landlady, eager to ensnare her eligible lodgers, or the elderly spinster, profuse with inanities, sentimentally gauche. We are not even spared a comic parrot. De Courcy Smyth, the pauper playwright and professional borrower, is an equally old story and the pompous clergyman is a bubble whose pricking is become a five-finger exercise for even the amateur analyst. Sir Abel Barking, the smug bank president, "pursy, prolific, Protestant," is too usual and on the whole too inoffensive to warrant the virulence with which he is anathematized. Such people as these cannot interest, not only because they are too obvious types, but because they are types that have become familiar in books rather than in life. With the exception of certain pictures of London, there is perhaps not a single direct impression from life in the novel. And although it will be easy to recall cases where clergymen and landladies and sentimental spinsters have been found engaging, it will be because they have been conceived with tenderness or with humor. It is a hard and superficial observation that produces such results as this,—an observation guided neither by an energetic imagination nor by a judiciously selective taste.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.